GIANT WANTS MORE PENSION

UNIQUE CHARACTER OF THE TALL EST MAN IN THE LATE WAR.

He Alleged That He Caught Cold and Has the Rheumatism All Because Government Did Not Give Him Long Enough Cont.

MARK TWAIN'S STUTTER. Joseph Hatton Discusses His Pleasaut Impediment in His

"Cigarette Papers." Joseph Hatton, in his "Cigarette Pa-pers," printed in the Newcastle (England) Chronicle, thus breezily writes of Amer-

"It is difficult to say when you like Mark Twain most, telling the truth or when he isn't. I wish he had watered his views of Mr. Cecil Rhodes as they water down He must be a brave man who, in the face of the crusade against the undeserving pensioner, openly engages congressional influence to secure a large increase of the pension he is now receiving on no better claim than that he is the tallest man that entered the volunteer service during the late war.

The New York Herald says that such a man is Williamson Patterson Bane, of Nineveh, Pa., generally known among old volunteer soldiers as "Pat Bane, the Cavalry Giant." "Pat" stands seven feet four in his stockings, and it appears that he suffered considerably during his connection with the army from the gibes of his compaided on account of his awkwardness and the linability of the quartermaster's department to provide him with garments big enough to cover his lanky frame. He is pow receiving a pension of \$12 a month on these grounds and a claim that he con-



PAT BANE, THE CAVALRY GIANT.

does not consider his pension large enough to supply his growing wants, and he suc-ceeded last week in having a private bill introduced in the house by Representative Acheson, of Pennsylvania, providing for an increase of his claim upon the government to \$30 per month to \$30 per month.

None of "Pat's" friends can see that he

None of "Pat's" friends can see that he is anything but a very tall and healthy man, slightly over 50 years of age, whose only troubles appear to come from his tailor and his shoemaker. He was in Washington at the time of the inauguration of President McKiniey, and again more recently, when he passed through the city going to and returning from the Nashville exposition. He was then in excellent health, and his capabilities for enjoying himself were remarked by many of his old comrades who reside in the capital city and are in the employ of the government in various capacities.

and are in the employ of the government In various capacities.

The giant told his Washington friends on his last visit that he had about decided to marry a well-to-de widow of Greene county. Pa., but he thought he would wait to see if congress would pass the proposed legislation preventing the further pensioning of widows, as although his intended bride did not greatly need more money than she had, it would be only fair to leave her the chance of availing herself of his pension in case he should be the first to die. "Pat" thinks the pension laws are pretty liberal, but says it takes altogether too much effort and compliance with red tape methods to obtain an increase.

His Army Record.

His Army Record.

were not especially noteworthy, as the records do not show that he was at any time engaged in a pitched battle, or even a good sized skirmish, but his connection with the volunteers afforded him a pretext for obtaining his pension, and gave his comrades a great amount of amusement and a fund of good stories that they never tire of telling about him. He is a pretty well known figure in Grand Army circles in the Eastern states, and makes it a point to attend every Grand Army encampment that is held within a few thousand miles of his home. He was a visitor to the world's fair, where he attracted a great amount of attention on account of his great stature and awkward movements.

"Pat" was 18 years old in 1863, when he was recruited into the Twenty-second regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry at Pittsburg. He is the scion of Scotch-Irish ancestors, all of whom are understood to have been above the average height. He had a brother, not quite as tall himself, who entered the army and lost his life in battle.

It was not Bane's fortune to engage in active hostilities against the enemy. It is said that he was never more than an ineffective appendage to his company, being frequently excused even from drill duty. were not especially noteworthy, as the rec-

THE STORY OF THE STEERAGE. Bright Faces of Coming and Dejected Looks of Returning Immigrants.

"There is a vast difference," said an officer of a Cunard steamship to a reporter of the New York Sun, "between the appearance of steerage passengers returning to Europe and those coming to Amer

"On the westward voyage the faces of the immigrants are bright with expectency and hope. Some of them have doubtless lain awake at night dreaming of the new land. You can see that they have been inspired by the roseate visions painted for them by their friends or relatives who have succeeded on this side of the water. Those who go back to stay are not many. You can pick them out by their dejected looks. They have not succeeded. They have found that hard work is just as necessary to get along in the States it is in Europe. On the westward voyage the faces of

as necessary to get along in the States as it is in Europe.

"The great majority of the immigrants stay. From my observations for the last fifteen years aboard ship. I think I am competent to say that America gets the very best of the European blood. Dawdiers stay at home. It is usually only the energetic and adventurous that cut loose from the in the Old World. Forty-six per cent of the steerage passengers have their passage to America paid by their relatives or friends who have in a measure succeeded over here. I think those who have made a 'go' of it deserve success, because as a rule, they have won it by well-directed to settle the Anglo-Venezueian boundary dispute. He had, however, to obtain the carrispers. He had, however, to obtain the car

tracted rheumatism in his arms and legs owing to the smallness of the coats and trousers he was obliged to wear in the service.

Not So Seriously Disabled.

Bane's disabilities, however, do not prevent him from plying his trade of shinglemaker in the country place where he lives, or from travelling about the country as extensively as possible on the spending money paid him by Uncle Sam. Nevertheless, he attended the committee meeting of a little society of which he is a member. He had

dence at Brighton. The other night he attended the committee meeting of a little scciety of which he is a member. He had not been very well during the day, and when the secretary handed him the bailot box and its black and white pills to record his vote for a new member he 'took' two of the black ones literally as it seemed. The secretary was terribly worried until Toole produced them from the secretary's coat collar.

"The comedian has not forgotten his sleight of hand; it was quite in keeping with his present habits, however, to take the pills instead of using them as votes. If you have heard Mark Twain lecture you know with what effect he uses his little peculiarity of speech. The point that broke the general titter into a hearty laugh when first he appeared in town was concerning that very cold morning in Fiji, where, he said, 'it is so cold up there that people can't speak the truth.' When the audience had done smiling, he added, 'I know, because I have been there.' The wit of a story should be in its tail; American humor has often the peculiar artfulness of a double-hinged tail; and you get two laughs instead of one. Lord Beaconsfield had this art of surprise both in announcement and repartee. 'I never attack henorable gentlemen,' or words to that effect, he once said in one of his replies to the other side. He knew there would be a cry of 'Oh, oh,' or a ripple of derisive laughter. He waited for both, and then continued the sentence—'except when I am attacked,' which, of course, brought down the house."

A BOUNDARY UMPIRE. The army services of the cavalry giant The Czar's Appointment in the Anglo-

Venezuelan Arbitration. Czar Nicholas has given his sanction to the appointment of Frederick de Martens, counselor to the Russian ministry of

foreign affairs, as umpire in the Anglo-Venezuelan arbitration. Mr. Martens was born in 1845 in the Bal-



FREDERICK DE MARTENS

tic province of Russia. He is recognized as the foremost authority on international law in the world and has written many works on the subject, which have been translated into English, French, German, Spanish, and other languages. He was elected arbitrator in the dispute between England and France in 1889 in the Newfoundland affair, which has not yet been settled; in 1886, between England and Costa Rica, and subsequently as president and umpire of the arbitration court appointed to settle the Anglo-Venezuelan boundary dispute. He had, however, to obtain the czar's permission before he could act. He is D. LL. of the University of Cambridge and also of the University of Edinturgh. as the foremost authority on international

STORY OF TOMMY STRINGER.

MARVELOUS PRODUCT OF THE MASS-ACHUSETTS SCHOOL FOR BLIND.

He Has Been Changed From a Brute Into an Intelligent Boy-His Imagination, His Fun and His Sympathy.

From the Boston Herald.

He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace.
-Shakespeare,

Young Tommy Stringer is the hero of the sixth annual report of the trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind. It was only a few years ago that Tommy was a helpless being. To-day he is as intelligent as any child of his age. The complete, remarkable

years ago that Tommy was a helpless being. To-day he is as intelligent as any child of his age. The complete, remarkable story of which development is told thus in the report:

"The development of this remarkable child is truly marvelous. When Tommy was brought to Boston, nearly six years and a half ago, he was nothing more than a mere mass of living, breathing clay; a spiritless little animal, apparently of a low degree of intelligence, and not unlike a puppy in his vague and inane instincts and characteristics. On the day of his arrival in Boston Tommy was placed at the kindergarten, where he was welcomed with open arms, and through the loving care and rational training which he has received under the hospitable roof of the infant institution, a veritable miracle has been wrought in his case. From the dull, drowsy, weakly, slothful, listless, uncouth, lumpish little creature there has been evolved a fine child, a most attractive boy—manly, erect, falt-faced, alert, inquisitive, willful, self-reliant, frank, truthful, restless under restraint in real boyish fashion, full of life and energy, given more or less to mischief, and exceedingly fond of playing pranks.

"Although occasionally he displays a little streak of contumacy. Tommy presents the spectacle of an almost spotless character and of a life which is all upon one plane. Pure, generous, high-minded, almost incapable of sin, he is wholly free from vice, and possesses those graces and attractions which are the flower of childhood.

"Tommy's training has been carried on in strict accordance with the kindergarten principles, and his development and mental growth afford a most striking illustration of the Froebelian philosophy of 'learning by doing.' In his case education has not been a stereotyped thing nor a cramming mechanism, alming to supply him with a certain amount of information gathered entirely from books.

"From the time of Tommy's admission to the kindergarten to the present day our principal effort has been to build up his physique and keep it i

In carrying out this plan we have taken advantage of Tommy's overmastering inclination to mechanical occupations, and the gain is evident.

"This mode of training has unquestionably been productive of such excellent results in Tommy's case that thinking scholars and enlightened students of pedagogy can not help recognizing its importance, and will no doubt recommend its universal use. The only persons who are inclined to disapprove of it ostentatiously and to criticise it superciliously belong to the ranks of superficial observers and arrogant tutors, who have been in the habit either of induiging in the practice of some deceptive method or of relying wholly upon the textbook, and who, in order to produce brilliant and dazzling results in their teaching, make their pupils memorize the contents of the printed page and repeat them glibly, to the astonishment and delectation of their hearers. But what of it? Who cares a straw for the opinion of critics of this kind?

"In Tommy's manual training we have received most valuable assistance from the principal of the beneficent institution, the Sloyd Training school at North Bennet street, which is liberally supported by the large-minded and public-spirited daughter of the illustrious Professor Louis Agassiz, Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, to whom the people of Boston owe a vast debt of gratitude for numercus benefactions. Our friend, Mr. Gustaf Larsson, has most generously provided an opportunity for Tommy to study sloyd under his direction and personal supervision. Tommy has given four hours per week to this work, and during the past year he has also kept a brief account of his work, written down after each lesson in the square form of letters used by the bilind.

"Tommy's reading has been in an embosed edition of selections from In the

work, written down after each lesson in the square form of letters used by the blind.

"Tommy's reading has been in an embossed edition of selections from 'In the Child's World.' The stories appeal to him and hold his interest, the words being largely such as he can comprehend, and the stories of a kind to attract a child. During the period from 5:15 to 5:45 p. m. Miss Conley, his teacher, reads to Tom for his pleasure and instruction, by making the letters of each word with her right hand into his. 'Seven Little Sisters' is the unwear-out-able tale which has been used for this purpose this year, and which has provided subjects for modeling in clay and for conversation.

"Most of the effort of the year has been put upon articulation. Tom's knowledge of language and freedom in using it are increasing constantly. The freedom is especially noticeable when he expresses himself through his fingers; but he does as yet take any interest in articulation.

"Tom's handwriting is now so legible that he is allowed to address the envelopes himself when writing letters, and he achieves very good results when left to write independently, as he sometimes is, for practice. He has begun to write in Braille, this system beng a convenient resource for blind persons, as it can be read by touch, whereas our ordinary script is a blank to them so far as their power of reading it is concerned. Tom takes a satisfaction in Braille which he has never felt in the script form, and can now write simple sentences from dictation very correctly, paying due regard to capitals and punctuation.

"His work in sand last year laid a good foundation for his continued study of geography. The sand table is still a valuable aid in his instruction, and he enjoys it very much.

"Imagination, that great brightener of human lives is Tom's in lavish measure.

aid in his instruction, and he enjoys it very much.

"Imagination, that great brightener of human lives, is Tom's in lavish measure. It has grown apace during the last year, completely covering the hard granite of daily fact with its wild luxurlance. He owns an imaginary house in New Garden, Bedford, where his imaginary friends, Mr. Gas and Mr. Son, live. He enjoys settling down for lengthy conversations on these topics, and talks as if they were the veriest realities.

"He planned to have a Thanksgiving celebration at his house and named as invited guests a sufficient number of people to have necessitated what he assured them there would be—a long dining room and a

there would be-a long dining room and a very large table. He even regaled Miss Conley with the prospective menu, which would have made an epicure's mouth water

water.
"Tom has a ready sympathy for any one ill or in trouble; and like the old Quaker, who, when among a group of wordy sympathizers, after some disaster, said: 'I am sorry \$5 worth; how much is thee sorry?'"

ON AN EMPEROR'S BACK. William Waived His Dignity to Secure the Stag He Had

Wounded. From the Youth's Companion. The emperor of Germany is an enthu-siastic sportsman, and does not like, as other hunters do not, to see his game get away. An incident which a German paper records as of recent occurrence shows that he is capable of waiving his dignity to prevent that calamity.

ne is capable of walving his dignity to prevent that calamity.

Last summer the emperor was hunting at Belleye, accompanied by his head game-keeper only. The emperor succeeded in wounding a superb stag, which, after the shot, threw itself into a reedy pond, where it was out of the range of his rifle. There was no boat with which to go out after the animal.

was no boat with which to go out after the animal.

In this predicament the emperor looked about and saw a large oak tree that over-looked the pond, and from which the stag might be shot. But the emperor's withered arm does not permit him to climb trees, so he commanded the gamekeeper to "shin" the tree and shoot the stag.

This the man tried to do, but he was so heavy and clumsy that he could not get up into the tree. He tried to do so two or three times, and, failing, was astonished to see the emperor stoop down like one who is preparing to play leapfrog and to hear him say, "Climb on my back."

The gamekeeper mounted the emperor's back, alongside the trunk of the oak; the emperor straightened up and the gamekeeper was then able to reach the nearest branch and lift himself up into the tree. The result was that the emperor got his stag, but he has since laughed a great deal about the incident, averring that his whole empire had never weighed so heavily on his shoulders as that gamekeeper weighed.

QUEEN'S OLDEST SERVITOR. LIVES IN HIS WIFE'S TOMB. OUR NEW MINISTER TO LIBERIA. HE IS MENELEK'S BISMARCK. Stephen Sweeney of the Tower, London, Holds the Obsolete Office of

Headsman of the Tower. According to the New York Journal the oldest servant of Queen Victoria is You-man Gaoler Stephen Sweeney, of the Tower

of London.

He now holds the most picturesque and obsolete office under her majesty. He is the Headsman of the Tower, the official descendant of the executioners who exercised their calling when that historic building was a state prison. He has a great big ax, which he keeps sharp and bright, but never uses except for show.

Like the Yeomen of the Guard, or Beefeaters, the Yooman Gaoler wears a costume



THE HEADSMAN OF THE TOWER.

of the reign of Henry VIII. His ax is just such a one as was used to cut off the heads of Henry's wives and courtiers.

Sergeant Sweeney is a living relic of an institution that has passed away, but which will live forever in history and romance. There is no more picturesque, fascinating and gloomy building in England than the Tower of London. The headsman was its dark presiding genius.

Hundreds of great nobles, beautiful women, princesses and princes have entered its gates, there to lay their heads upon the block and suffer death by the ax.

Sweeney is an old soldier and late troop sergeant-major of Fourteenth King's Light Dragoons. Enlisting in that regiment on February 14, 1837, he was present at the proclamation of the queen on June 29 of the same year, and at her majesty's coronation on June 25, 1838. In 1841 Sergeant Sweeney left Canterbury for India, where he distinguished himself in many an action. In all he served nearly twenty-six years, and has three war medals with four clasps. It was in 1864 that he took up duty at the Tower of London as one of her majesty's yeomen warders, and later on he was appointed yeoman gaoler.

A ROYAL VISITOR.

King Humbert's Son to Come to America to Make a Pilgrimage to Menlo Park.

King Humbert's only son, it is said, intends visiting the United States incognito the united states incognito the united states incognito early this spring, merely to make a pilgrimage to Menio Park. His sole object is to visit Edison, for whom he has the most profound admiration, and who will doubtless be the recipient of the highest becomes in the state of the Malken ways. henors in the gift of the Italian crown henors in the gift of the Italian crown when the prince comes to the throne. Humbert's son and heir is passionately fond of electricity. He is master of the science of electricity and is acquainted with well nigh everything that concerns its application to light, motive power, sound and photography. He was one of the first and most successful experimenters with the X-rays after their discovery, and his apartments in the Palazzino, which has been



his home until now, at Florence, bore the aspect of a scientific library. He may boast of being the one real practical electrician among all the royal personages of Europe.

The prince will not impress people by the majesty of his appearance. For he is very short, standing scarcely five feet in his boots. Moreover, his face is the reverse of comely, and, like all very small men, he has a very keen sense of his own dignity, and endeavors to repress any tendency to merriment due to his odd appearance by a particularly stern look and a very imperious manner. There is no royal personage in Europe who is so "stand-offish" as the Prince of Naples except when he happens to be with people who possess the same scientific tastes as himself, when he loses self-consciousness and become the most charming and interesting of companions.

JULES VERNE AT HOME. Lives on Eggs and Herbs and Is Still Romancing-Municipal Coun-

cilor of Amiens. M. Jules Verne, the popular novelist, is, it seems, a municipal councilor of Amiens, where, as is well known, he has lived for where, as is well known, he has lived for many years. The author of so many thrilling narratives will soon be 70, but is full of health and spirits, living chiefly on eggs and herbs. His last book is the seventy-sixth. Jules Verne rises at dawn and writes until 11 o'clock. After luncheon he goes to a reading room and peruses all the newspapers, except on the days he has to attend the municipal council. An advertisement of Cook's agency suggested the "Turdu Mone en Quatre-vingt Jours." His hardest work is in reading up about the countries which he describes. It was George Sand who induced him to write "Vingt Mille Lieues sous les Mers." Many of his books have been translated into Arabic and Jepanese, and he shows the translations with some pride. Strangely enough the author has traveled little. He neither hunts, shoots, nor fishes, although he once tried to bring down a few birds, but, having lodged some duckshot in a gendarme's cocked hat, he became disgusted with the

WERE "BEWITCHED" TO DEATH. So the Garla Account for the Loss of Eleven of Their Children in

Twenty Years.

In the death of a two-months old infant a few days ago Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garl lost their eleventh child. They have Garl lost their eleventh child. They have had fifteen children in the last twenty years, only four of whom survive. Of the dead none were more than four months old. They were born healthy and strong, but soon after birth they wasted away until they had lost nearly all their flesh. The parents say that the little ones were robbed of their rest by a witch. They called in witch doctors and powwowers, who sought to exorcise the demon by charms, incantations and the "Seventh Book of Moses."

IS FURNISHED LIKE A ROOM, WITH PICTURES AND DRAPERIES.

Three Years Beside the Dead-Thou sands of People Have Visited the Tomb and Wondered at the Old Man's Devotion.

"Yes, this will be the third winter I have spent by my dead wife's side," said John Reed, whose beautiful tomb in Evergreen cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., has made him conspicuous the world over, to the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, "I don't feel like a widower, but I should had I laid her away in a lonesome, easy-to-be-forgotten hole in the ground. But when I go into that sacred room and take the lid from her casket and look into her beloved face I experience the sweetest

her beloved face I experience the sweetest companionship and am comforted in my terrible loneliness.

"I had no idea of creating a sensation when I built this sarcophagus and hung it with pictures and adorned it with the treasures of our home. My only wish was to have her where I could see her every day, and to know that at last to lie beside her, for it would kill me this minute if I thought she would sieep in one place and I in another.

thought she would sleep in one place and I in another.

"This is the reason that I took her away from her father's vault, for while her relatives promised that my coffin shall be close beside hers, yet they refused to give me a written guarantee that this should be done. The more I thought of it the more I feared that after I, was dead they may feel that there is not room enough in the family vault for by body. I was afraid they may not realize how much it means to me to be laid to rest beside my darling wife, and that eventually I might be crowded out.

Life in a Tomb.

"So I bought this lot and built this tomb It seemed so desolate to put my loving wife

"So I bought this lot and built this tomb. It seemed so desolate to put my loving wife into a bare stone room that I fixed it up just as homelike as I could with her favorite books and plctures, with her fancy work and things she loved in life. For three years I have been here every day, from dawn to sunset. I go in and talk with her and imagine we are keeping house just as we did in the old happy days.

"I used to tell her that if she should die I would build her a tomb.

"And so I have carried out her wishes, and may God grant that the day may come soon when the key shall be turned on our last earthly home, and in a tomb just large enough for two' we will sleep together until the morning of resurrection.

Thousands of people from every country in the world have stopped in front of "Whispering Grove" to look at the old man who is spending his days with his dead wife. So great is the fame of the wonderful tomb and the devotion on Mr. Reed that on Sunday officers are stationed to keep the crowd moving. The cemetery authorities have forbidden him to allow the public to see the interior of the tomb, but its imposing exterior and romantic history command the attention of all visitors.

It is built of granite, with stone copings and iron guards. On the arched ridge is a pollshed granite ball, and over the door is the simple inscription:

"Jonathan and Mary E. Reed."

The Interior of the Vault. In the summer the huge vases blaze with

color, while inside the tomb is as silent and cool as a sanctuary. It is an ideal place to

color, while inside the tomb is as silent and cool as a sanctuary. It is an ideal place to spend the long, hot days, for in front of the sarcophagus is a beautiful lake surrounded with willows, whose long, graceful branches dip into the water.

But in winter, when the wind races and the snow lies in great drifts, when the tomb is cold and damp as only a grave can be, it takes more than the passing love of a man's heart to tempt him to stay all the hours between daylight and dark in a forsaken tomb, even though the body of one he has tenderly loved is lying there. The only sound is the clock ticking above her coffin and the murmur of his voice as the lonely man talks and prays. The interior of the vault is unlike any other in the world, tor it is hung with rich draperies and the walls are covered with souvenirs of foreign travels. But the intericest centers in two catafalques of elaborately sculptured stone. Each contains a metallic casket, and in one is the embalmed body of the cherished wife.

The embalming fluid was almost like the blood of life, for the face of the dead is like a sleeper. She must have been very beautiful, and the lines on her face are so sweet that in looking at the husband and wife one no longer marvels that in thirty-five years of wedded life there was never a cross word. Between the two coffins is a black cushioned fron chair, in which Mr. Reed is a man of remarkable dignity of manner and speech. His hair and beard are snow white, but his face is ruddy and the deep blue eyes are full of peace. His life is full of sweet contentment, and while longing for the perfect reunion he holds tenaclously to the belief that there is no death, but the life here and hereafter is an endless chain, of which there is never a link broken or lost.

CRUELEST OF KINGS.

King of Benin Slaughtered His Subjects daily for amusement, but when he massacred a party of unarmed British negotiators his reign ended.

CONFESSED AFTER 20 YEARS. Allen "Got Grace" at a Revival and Left Under Arrest for

Murder. Arrest and imprisonment followed close on S. E. Allen's confession at a revival meeting in Creston, S. D., of a crime more meeting in Creston, S. D., of a crime more than twenty years old. Allen killed a fel-low-laborer on a ranch near the present site of Creston in August, 1877. He was in-dicted for manslaughter, but fled before he could be arrested and was never ap-prehended. Last week he attended a reprehended. Last week he attended a re-vival meeting at Creston, where he re-turned when his offense was forgotten, and after listening some time to the spoaker's exhorations to his hearers to lead better lives, made his way to the mourners' bench and, in a voice broken by sobs, told how anger and contempt for God's commands once led him to take a fellow creature's

ie. He mentioned neither his own name nor He mentioned neither his own name nor that of his victim, but among his hearers was one who had acted as deputy sheriff at the time of the tragedy. At first he falled to recognize Allen, but when the latter recounted the circumstances of his crime, memory supplied the missing link, and, stepping forward, he placed the penitent under arrest.

Allen says he would rather "do time" than bear lorger the burden of his guilt, SUNDAY LADY

LIKE THE AMERICANS.

How the Youths of Japan Amuse Themselves After Hours.

Japanese bables are mainly like all other babies. They cry, they must be amused, they must have their toys. They amused, they must have their toys. They have the noisy rattles like those loved by the babies in this country, and the gattle is their chief toy. When 3 years of age they go to the kindergarten, and there they are amused and trained until they are 6. During that time they have hobby horses-bamboo horses they are termed in Japan, because the stick is made of bamboo; they have puzzles, they chase one another, they play blind man's buff. When they are large enough they fly kites, and in this sport they excel American children. Shuttlecock, rope jumping, dolls—all are familiar to juvenile Japs.

The law requires them to go to the common schools when 5 years old and continue there until they are 12. Every village has its schools, and there is ample room for all the children. The boys are drilled in military tactics. Gymnastic exercises are regularly taught and all the pupils in the kindergartens, as well as the higher schools, are accustomed to certain motions and go through them in concert daily.

Time to Stop.

Among the best stories recorded by a well known angler is one about a Scottish laird, who was one day relating to his friends at the dinner table the story of a fine fish he had caught. "Donald," said he to the servant behind his chair—an old man, but a new servant—"how heavy was the fish I took yesterday?" Donald neither spoke nor moved. The laird repeated the question. "Weel," replied Donald, "it was twai' pund at breakfast; it had gotten to achteen at dinner time, ad it was sax-and-twenty when ye sat down to supper wi' the captain." Then, after a pause, he added: "I've been tellin' lees a' my life to please the shooters, but I'll be dashed if I'm going to tell lees noo, in my old age, to please the fushers!"

Flattery on Ice. He told her she was stunning. Her smile was very sweet:
Just then somehow, in turning,
They slipped and lost their feet!
He fell, and she fell on him,
And, as in pain he lay,
"Ah, yes, indeed, you're stunning!"
Was all that he could say.

-Chicago News.

The Popular Appointment of a North

Carolina Colored Methodist Preacher.

A popular diplomatic appointment by President McKinley is that of the Rev. Mr. Owen L. W. Smith of Wilson, N. C., to be minister to Liberia. He is minister of the A. M. E. Zion church, and a leader among his people in the section from which he comes. Mr. Smith is a man of force and ability, and he possesses the gift of elo-quence characteristic of his race, whose welfare and progress are near to his heart. He was born of slave parents at Giddensville, Samson county, N. C., May 18, 1851, and, though only a lad when the war broke out, went as a servant with the son of his master. Captain H. D. Lewis, into the Confederate service. Later, like so many



colored youths, he followed Sherman's army, and before the war closed saw enough of its horrors and of battles to make him grateful to those who fought for his free-

and before the war closed saw enough of its horrors and of battles to make him grateful to those who fought for his freedom.

Mr. Smith was at Bentonville, the last battle of the civil war. After this battle the regiment to which young Owen had attached himself marched to Goldsboro, N. C., to await Schofield from Newbern and Terry from Wilmington. When these forces joined they marched westward to Raleigh in pursuit of General Joseph E. Johnston, who surrendered without being attacked. Smith came North with Sherman's army, but learning that slavery was abolished he turned his face Southward again in search of his family. He finally found his mother in Newbern, and she, with an appreciation of education shared by so many slave mothers which, considering their training and environment, it is difficut to understand, placed him at once in school.

In the session of 1873-74 the legislature of South Carolina passed a law offering all worthy youths of that state, white and black, scholarship in the state university after they would have successfully passed certain examinations. Owen Smith was the first applicant, and, having compiled with all the conditions, entered the academic department. Later on he took up the law course, which was interrupted by illness.

Disappointed in his ambition to obtain a legal education, Mr. Smith returned to teaching, but finally, feeling cailed to the ministery, he joined the North Carolina conference of the A. M. E. Zion church, and was ordained as a minister. Since then, 1830, he has been a popular and influential preacher, and is known throughout the South as an able organizer and builder of churches.

Mr. Smith's appointment is acceptable to the politicians of his race as well as to his church people, and he has received the indorsement of his people generally without regard to religion.

Strange as it may seem when the location, climate, and ilfe of Liberia are considered, there were a number of candidates for the post, many colored men who are anxious to exchange the comfort and ea

subjects daily for amusement, but when he massacred a party of unarmed British negotiators his reign ended. His palace was partly built of human

bones, and surrounded with countless numbers of them. The British sent an expedi-tion to Benin and annexed the country and bers of them. The British sent an expedition to Benin and annexed the country and the palace.

This king has been responsible for more needless bloodshed and sheer crueity than any other savage living. Benin, his capital city, deserves well the title bestowed on it of "The City of Blood." Happily, this ghoul is no longer at large. He is in the hands of the British officials on the gold coast. Doubtless he will be transported and made an allowance by the British government. The proper allowance for him is a long rope and a short shrift. The British take a great deal of credit to themselves for putting an end to the brutal reign of the king of Benin. Probably they had more justification in this case of an attack on a native state than is usual.

usual. Benin, the city, is an extremely interesting place in a grewsome way. No white man has ever been there and left it alive before the British expedition went. The king's palace was approached by an ave-nue of poles, on the top of which were



KING OF BENIN.

skulls. The doorway of the building was made of human leg bones.

Flies are very numerous in Benin. The king had a rooted aversion to them. Unlike most of his subjects, he wore a garment that covered the whole of his body except his face and hands. Two slaves were always on guard with fans to keep files away from his majesty. If a fly succeeded in alighting on an exposed part of his majesty's person the two slaves were executed on the spot.

A Poet's Wit.

Burns was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant belonging to the town had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer, and his death would have been inevitable had not a sallor who happened to be passing at the time, rescued him. The merchant, upon recovering from his fright, put his hand into his pocket and generously presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd which had collected touldy protested against the contemptible insignificence of the sum, but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor, "for, said he, "the gentleman is, of course, the best judge of the value of his own life."

HOW LEONTIEFF, ADVENTURER, FOOLED THE BRITISH.

His Bibles Were Rifles-Deceived the Diplomats and Carried Arms to the Abyssinian King-Why the Czar Looks to Him.

It now appears that Leontieff has been making a fool of the English all the time that they thought they were making a fool of him. Leontieff is one of the world's visionaries who fall into a niche where the methods of the visionaries who fall into a niche where the methods of the visionary are practical, while ordinary practical methods are vis-

onary.

A London correspondent of the New York A London correspondent of the New York Press says: Nobody knew anything about this man until after the victory of Menelek and his Abyssinians over the Italians. Then his name was mentioned as the head of a Russian expedition of five priests and civilian followers which was going with several boxes of Bibles to pay their respects to the black conqueror, whose religious creed is closely allied to that of the church of which the czar is the head.

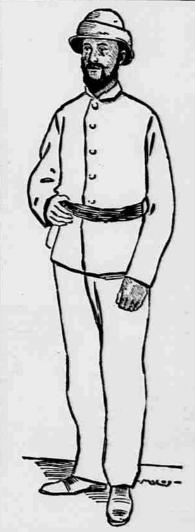
The English government sent to its St. Petersburg embassy to find out the manner of man Leontieff was and his exact intentions.

The Czar Sent Books.

"Oh, he's perfectly absurd." replied the embassy. "He's a fifteenth century swash-buckler, a Don Quixote—a man who dreams, formulates one great project to forget it the next moment in another. Once he was a Buddhist. Now he has become a most ardent Christian and rides his new hobby with customary enthusiasm. He thinks it he takes 100 Bibles and prostrates himself at Menelek's feet the Abyssinians will join the Russian church in a body. It is im-possible to think that the czar would trust a fellow of so little discretion on a diplo-matic mission."

matic mission."

"The crar is bringing you many books."
was the word that the guardians sent forward by runners to Menelek. "along with holy men, who come to felicitate a co-religionist." "Humph, books!" exclaimed Menelek



LEONTIEFF, MENELEK'S BISMARCK.

the outfit of his army. "Well, let them come. It will amuse my queen to look on a foreign priest."

The Text in the Bible. At his first audience with Menelek, with the priests standing by without a suspicion of a smile, the king gave a start and then grinned.

"You Russians have a very fine taste in Bibles," he said, as he caressed the gold mounted pistol Leontieff had placed in his hands, and ran his eyes approvingly over the layers of Martini rifles.

Then, bowing with the grace of a fitteenth century courtier, Leontieff presented the queen with a fan of marvelous beauty. "If you will allow me, your majesty," he said, "I will open your Bible to a text." He pressed a spring and out came a needle darger of the finest steel.

"The point is poisoned." Leontieff added—and the two priests looked straight shead, solemnly. "You Russians have a very fine taste in

and the two priests looked straight ahead, solemnly.

The queen was so delighted that she was tempted to kill a waiting woman on the spot. This present settled it, so far as the queen was concerned. He had gained a place in her heart that no other foreigner may expect, and Menelek obeys her orders as faithfully as the soldiers obey his. Henri or Orleans might present her with French shoes and laces, and the English expedition with fine silks, but the queen only says: "These others are not like my Leontieff, and their gifts are poor, indeed, compared to my Leontieff's fan."

Moreover she has proved that the dagger is equal to all that Leontieff claimed for it. She killed a waiting woman, who aroused her anger, with a single blow—to say nothing of the bables she has stabbed to make blood to bathe her face.

Fooled the English

"We'll treat this English expedition as you say, my good friend, Leontieff," said Menelek. So he did. Leontieff withdrew some little distance from the court. Menesome little distance from the court. Menelek mentioned him to Colonel Rodd as an
odd Russian who had come with Bibles
and gone again. He covered the English
with flattery and said of course he wanted
to be on the friendliest terms with Queen
Victoria.

Rodd departed under the conviction that
all the talk of Russia and France having
made Menelek a puppet was sheer nonsense. Then Leontief returned from his
retirement and with the king and queen
had a good laugh over how they had fooled
the Englishman, who was chuckling to
himself over the flasco of a certain Russian clown.

himself over the flasco of a certain such sian clown. Leontieff has been in England this week to remove the embargo placed by the port authorities on more boxes of Bibles which he had bought in Birmingham. In this he succeeded, because he said if Birmingham refused his trade, he could just as well buy his Bibles of England's hated commercial rival. Germany. He got the first cargo out of port and made arrangements for another.

out of port and other.

More Theological Supplies. London reporters have been asking him if Bibles were not really a polite name for rifles and ammunition.

"Sir, why should I want rifles?" was the

rifies and ammunition.

"Sir, why should I want rifies?" was the injured reply. "I am no soldier. Of course, they are Eibles. Truly. What object should I have in deceiving you?"

He is buying a large number of field guns in France. At present he is staying in Paris, where he has for friends Frenchmen as mysterious as himself. The English have awakened to the meaning of his work. The papers admit now that he is no clown, but a fearless, cool adventurer.

It is his ambition to have Abyssinia extend her domain as far as the Nile and over territory which the English have long claimed as belonging to Egypt. He is importing Russians to train Menelek's soldiers. The Abyssinian army numbers 160.000 men. Fully armed and organized—their courage was proven in their battles with the Italians—they are a force which can give England any amount of trouble.

Leontieff's ambition to move themagainst the English whenever England and Russia come to blows fatters at once his violent hatred of Englishmen and all things English, except good English rifies, his love of his own country, and his peculiarly mediaeval talent and disposition. Thus he has suddenly sprung into great importance.

His Especial Charm.

From the Detroit Free Press.

She—"All the girls think your friend a charming conversationalist."

He—"Yes; Dick is a fellow of very top words."